

Of Flying and Frying Pans

by Secret Sin

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Summary: When a certain tower is mistakenly assumed to be abandoned, Hiccup and Toothless find themselves pulled into the strangest of adventures involving a offbeat pretty, long haired blonde, her pet Chameleon and a sky full of floating lights. Hicpunzel.

1. Chapter 1

****Well here it is, the unfortunate offspring of watching How to Train Your Dragon and Tangled back to back for a solid twelve hours. I'm actually pretty excited about this, even though as a first chapter it's pretty much filler. I've got most of this pretty much sketched out and even have the stirrings of a sequel - if I ever get that far - brewing in the back of my head. I will give fair warning that I won't be able to update regularly - or even very often most likely - as I have a full time job during the day and volunteer on weekends at nights but I will do my best :)****

****This will be a Hiccup/Rapunzel fic, though I am planning to have Flynn (and of course Max) show up later on. ****

****I do not own either How to Train Your Dragon (ultimate love) or Tangled.****

**** - Sin ****

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><p>Of Flying and Frying Pans**

****Chapter One: ****

****"Long Tongued Dragons and Two Ton Chameleons"_>****

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><p>"Thor's fat hairy - !"<p>

His ears were ringing, a high pitched squealing shriek echoing throughout his head like a banshee's scream that rose and fell in time with the pain that coursed through him. His hand pressed to the pounding wound at his temple and he could feel something warm and wet seeping up between his long, callous fingers. Distantly he could hear Toothless hissing and snarling, as well as a high pitched voice screaming in fright. He tried to take a wobbling step only for his knees to go out from beneath him completely, his body tumbling down to the stone floor below. Toothless' growls turning into a panicked croon of worry and Hiccup felt the sudden, scaly warmth of his best friend's snout gently pressed to his side. Blinded by pain he clutched at the flat, salamander-like head with the hand not pressed to his injured temple.

He should have known. He really should have known.

All he and Toothless had wanted had been a nice, quiet place to rest for a few days. They had been traveling steadily for so long, weeks at least without any real rest; that they had thought stopping where the weather was still fine and the lands still lush and green would have been for the best before they pushed on. Soaring over the Kingdom of Corona â€" a peaceful, lovely land that he had spent such a long time sketching and mapping and learning about that he felt as if he knew it as well as his own home island â€" they had found a little cove, a secluded spot that reminded him so strongly of the place where he had first met his dear friend that neither of them could resist landing. They hadn't realized that there had been anything in the isolated haven until Toothless had glided down to rest beside the waterfall fed lake that they recognized the tall, vegetation covered pile of rocks as a building.

It was so overgrown with vines and flowers that the two rouges had known it had to have been long abandoned. After scouring the base for a while Hiccup couldn't even find a door to the dilapidated tower and with their curiosity peaked, the two travelers had decided to creep in by way of one of the windows at the top of the great structure. Hiccup had been sure that it would be dusty, dirty and in complete disrepair, but at the very least it would be a roof over their heads and a chance to rest without worrying about being attacked. With years of being on his own and a Night Fury at his back he was more than capable of handling himself, but it was nice to be able to sleep without jumping awake at the slightest rustle or shift in the world around them.

Judging from the unholy pain pounding away at his head and the girlish screams â€" thankfully, not his own â€" there was obviously a significant cultural difference between Corona and Berk when it came to "desolate, abandoned buildings."

A reptilian hissing that most definitely did not belong to his deep-rumbled dragon filled his left ear a moment before something slimy and warm slammed into his ear canal and gave him a serious case of the "holy shits!" and sent him into his own fit of girlish shrieks. Flailing he scrambled back into Toothless' side, batting wildly at whatever-the-hell it was that had just invaded his ear with a violent fervor that â€" despite his concern for his rider â€" seemed to send the Night Fury into a state of hysterical draconic

laughter. Hiccup would have been severely put out by his friend's lack of concern for the sanctity of his eardrum had he not been preoccupied by the surge of pain his sudden movements had caused in his head. He howled, curling up as he clutched at his damaged head all the tighter. The constant high pitched screaming was not helping matters either. Odin's beard didn't that blonde berserker need to _breathe?_ The screaming hadn't stopped since the moment a heavy, black _something_ had collided with the side of his head and sent him reeling. Sucking in a breath between clenched teeth Hiccup forced away the blindness of pain and tried to get back to his feet, glaring up at whatever banshee it was that had decided to take the two travelers on.

He stilled as his pain-filled gaze met a slim girl roughly his own age, clasping the handle of a frying pan in a deathlike grip staring at him in abject horror.

Following his gaze Toothless tensed, his reptilian lips pulling back to show off his pristine white fangs, a low warning growl filling the air. Wincing slightly, Hiccup set a quick, comforting hand atop his friend's head trying to settle the Fury. The tower, it seemed, was _not_ abandoned. In fact, it seemed to belong to a young woman and â€" he cast an uncertain look to a sputtering, hissing creature flashing a violent red â€" some sort of small dragon. Watching as the tiny reptile â€" it was smaller than his fist, maybe a relative species of Terrible Terrors? â€" with narrow eyes he felt a small twinge of guilt gnaw at him. The blonde banshee might pack a wallop with a frying pan, but he and Toothless _had_ â€" however unintentionally â€" broken into her home. Hiccup wasn't certain he'd be too accommodating to a stranger and his vicious looking two ton pet if their roles were reversed either.

"Who are you! What do you want!" The banshee waved the frying pan threateningly, hunched in fright with her back against a sewing mannequin. The small dragon sputtered a threatening hiss as well, though the creature's bright red color quickly drained to a frightened yellow when the Night Fury hissed back. "You're Ruffians aren't you? Or Thugs! I'm not afraid of you!" Hiccup wondered if she realized she was trembling to the point that her frying pan was swaying in a frenzy before her, and that even if her voice _hadn't_ been much more than a petrified squeak her terror was still perfectly obvious to him. In a past life, the thought of anyone being afraid of him â€" _him_, Hiccup the Useless â€" would have been the source of an unending bout of hysterical laughter.

"Thugs? No!" Hiccup waved his arms, taking half a step back into his dragon's dark hide to try and give the girl space. "We're just travelers, thoughâ€" He paused, wincing as he added a little pressure to his aching head. "I am related to a Ruffian, but he's my third â€" fourth? â€" cousin and I've never met him. Their tribe is all the way on the other side of Freezing to Death so they almost never â€" ow!" Giving another howl of pain Hiccup turned to glare at Toothless, the dragon only rolling his eyes in response. The Night Fury was fond of slapping his human upside his shaggy red head with an ear fin when the freckled boy began to ramble. A odd chirping noise came from the strange, tiny dragon nearby and Hiccup realized â€" with a wave of exasperation â€" that the mutant thing on the floor was _laughing_ at him.

The girl, though still suspicious and glaring, lowered her weapon of

choice ever so slightly, her face shifting into something curious. "What do you want then?" Something seemed to occur to the banshee, her expression changing rapidly back to mistrust as her frying pan lifted. "You're after my hair aren't you? You came to steal it!"

And suddenly they had boarded the next ship to Crazytownâ€|

Maybe it was the ringing in his ears or the pain radiating from his temple or the congealing blood trickling down the side of his face working together to make him hear things. "Yourâ€|hair?" He looked to Toothless, finding that the dragon beside him look just as confused by her words as his rider was. Turning back to the banshee he blinked at her â€" he was dragon rider enough to admit, he did so rather stupidly â€" wondering if she had actually said what he thought she said. "What in the name of Thor could I _possibly_ want withâ€|yourâ€|" It was at this point that he actually took notice of said blonde locks, following it with his eyes from the crown of her head downâ€|downâ€|_down_, and around and _up_ and down again and spiraling in a corkscrew and then to the left a bit and... _"â€|Hair?" The stupidity of his blinking spread to the rest of his face and his jaw dropped to make him look little better than a half dead fish.

Gods above there was just so _much_ of it!

"Whoa! How didâ€|?" His wounded head forgotten he found himself gapping at the sheer amount of blonde that surrounded him. "Gods above when have you last had a trim?" Toothless made a huffing noise that was equal parts wonder and scorn. Dragons â€" with rare exception â€" took a rather unfavorable view of what they collectively referred to as "mammal fuzz" and seemed to take unending enjoyment on mocking humans with an overabundance of the "scraggly useless pelts." And don't even get the over grown reptiles _started_ on facial hair. Toothless actual told him once when stray plots of his face began to get scruffy that if he even so much as _dared_ to grow a beard â€" well, the Night Fury had used the term "facial filth" â€" that he would remove it with a well-timed bolt to the face. For a time the dragon had even attempted to convince him to chop away the rest of the hair atop his head, but had finally conceded after certain slimy black and white creatures had been waved about in a threatening manner. To say that the black dragon looked upon the Banshees unending coils of golden hair unfavorably would be putting it mildly.

Hiccup could only hope his friend didn't take it upon himself to remove the long locks for the girl.

The Banshee colored â€" Hiccup couldn't tell if she was embarrassed, angry or both â€" and waved the frying pan threatening again. His head gave a painful throb at the sight of the cooking pan and he winced, taking a half step back. "That's none of your business! Answer the question! Are you here to steal my hair?" He blinked at her, not entirely certain if it was him or her that had gone completely dragon-shit crazy. Maybe he was delusional? It hadn't been that long ago that â€" in testing some local plants â€" he had discovered some rather nasty berries that had made him sick and feverish. Maybe he was still sick? Raving away and imagining this whole thing curled up on a cave floor?

His head gave another body ripping shutter of pain and, wincing, he

decided that unfortunately yes, he was most likely the sole population of sanity in the overgrown tower. Seeing glaring green eyes "funny, this howling creature of doom didn't look like a hysterical nut job, in fact she was quite pretty" he gingerly shook his head. "Ah" no. Actually we didn't even know that you were here" sorry about that" He winced a little at how moving his head had caused the lump on the side of his head to split and bleed a little more. "Definitely not after that ridiculously long hair of yours, are we Toothless?" The Night Fury gave a snort of revulsion at the sight of the blonde locks in question, narrowing his eyes at a loop that rested to close for his liking. "See? No hair thieves here" He took a step backwards, hoping to usher his companion closer to the winder for the sake of a quick exit if need be.

A few feet away the banshee had lowered the pan, stepping back a little as she allowed the tiny dragon to rest in her hand. She gave him a suspicious glance before quickly turning so that her back was to him and consulting the wingless reptile, occasionally glancing over her shoulder to look at the two intruders. Hiccup glanced at his friend in confusion, silently asking what he thought the dragon thought of the situation. Toothless made a rather rude gesture "by dragon standards" in reference to the girl's mental health and motioned for the window they had used to enter the tower. Nodding "winced slightly as he did so" Hiccup began following as his dragon crept to the opening in the side of the wall. Behind them the girl, seeming to come to a decision, spoke up, freezing them in place.

"Alright we believe you!" Dragon and Rider turned in unison to look at the Banshee, finding her striking an almost regal looking pose "her hands resting on her hips, her chin set high, the little dragon on her shoulder all puffed out and proud looking. She opened her eyes and, seeming to notice the damage she had caused to his head finally, deflated into an apologetic mess in the span of a heartbeat. "Your head! You're bleeding!" She took a couple rushed steps towards him before pausing, looking indecisive and taking a half step back. "I" I mean I don't" She bit her lip, glancing at the reptile at her shoulder worriedly. "Are you alright? I really didn't mean to hurt you, I just" you"

And now she looked like she was going to cry.

Hiccup winced, and this time not from the now congealing wound at his temple. Crying girls, even crazy, frying pan wielding banshees with too-long hair, were something he simply could not hope to fight. A girl so much batted sad watery eyes at him and he was all over jelly. Toothless mocked him for it some, but not too serious. The Night Fury was just as bad "if not worse" than his human when it came to doe eyed females with blotchy sad faces. "Dah! Uh, no, no. It's fine! I have some bandages and salves" He touched the stinging wound at his temple. "And it's already stopped bleeding, see? It's fine, no problem!" Please, he thought, please gods above make her stop looking like he just burned her favorite sketchbook.

She didn't stop looking that way. The banshee was biting at her bottom lip, clutching at the frying pan less like a weapon and more like a worry stone. It tugged at his heart a little more to see the little dragon at her shoulder gently patting the shoulder he rested on comfortably. Beside him he felt the long winded sigh of resignation that signaled that his dragon had also given into the

inevitable of a pretty girl in a state of upset. The Banshee tugged at a lock of her long, long blonde hair absently, looking a little thoughtfully. "At least, at least let me help? I've never bandaged anyone up before but I can if you tell me howâ€|"

Hiccup glanced to his dragon, finding the Night Fury giving him the same look of "What the Hel" that the former Viking was wearing himself. Looking back to the girl Hiccup felt a his stomach do a little flip and wondered whether or not it was from the prospect of this crazy woman bandaging him up or not. Finally he shrugged, realizing there was little he could do â€" he and Toothless had broken into her home, however unintentionally â€" if she wanted to wrap up the wounds she had inflicted upon him who was he to object? "Alrightâ€|"

2. Chapter 2

****...And here's chapter two! Or...chapter one, with the _actual_ chapter one being the prolog? Eh, I'll just stick with Chapter Two.****

****There may be some parts of this chapter that might be slightly confusing. Some (a few vague references to the past Hiccup makes) will be better delved into in future chapters, as they are part of my planned plot. Others (having to do with Rapunzel and her aversion to leaving the tower) I will give you a little heads up now:****

****For this story I decided to delve a little deeper into the fact that Rapunzel was seriously isolated for nearly her entire life. This kind of isolation can have serious social and developmental repercussions on a person and had this story taken place in modern times (and, well, in real life, but whatever), Mother Gothel would have faced some serious jail time for child abuse and neglect and Rapunzel would have undergone years of psychological therapy. Now I won't go quite as dark as all that (it's Disney, I think I might be arrested or something if I tried), but I have given our favorite singing blonde a serious case of Stockholm Syndrome and a mild-to-moderate case of agoraphobia (which reads pretty much as a straight cut anxiety disorder, but with most panic attacks and anxiety coming from having to leave home base or having to deal with a large number of people). Similarly I gave Hiccup a mild case of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder that he has since recovered from, partially because even if I didn't go changing things around with the HTTYD universe he probably would have as a result of doing a kamakazi dive off the back of his dragon into a swirl of flames before losing his leg and nearly dying. Partially because of the fact that I have changed the established HTTYD universe and the events in the movie (which we shall get into more later on).****

****I will be highly impressed if you read all that. Just saying. You earned yourself a cookie if you did.
>**

****I want to give a special thanks to everyone who reviewed, favorited and alerted this story! You all have really inspired me and I can't thank you guys enough for spending your time to let me know what you think!****

****I do not own the brilliant movie "_How to Train Your Dragon_" or**

the adorable "_Ta__ngled_" or any of its characters. I just have fun using them as my pawns in my evil plans.**

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><p>Of Flying and Frying Pans**

**Chapter Two:

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**_Pretty Girls and Panic Attacks_

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* * *

><p>"Thereâ€|I think that should do it."<p>

The blonde had a scrutinizing expression as she stepped back, studying her work with a critical eye. She shared a glance with the tiny dragon at her shoulder the inquisitive tilt of her head asking the tiny reptile what he thought. The small creature giving her an odd thumbs up motion, a large toothless smile on its small face. The blonde turned her attention to Hiccup, waiting for his assessment of how her first attempt at bandaging had gone.

Toothless beside him sniffed at the white cloth at his human's temples, grumbling lowly about blind Skrills wrapping abilities and the apparent uselessness of mammalian opposable thumbs. Hiccup batted the Night Fury away with a slight glare before hesitantly reaching up to feel the binding. A covert glance to the nearby mirror confirmed what he felt and he tried not to wince at what he saw. It was perhaps one of the clumsiest wound dressing he have ever received â€" worse even than some of the first he had ever given himself, an achievement indeed â€" with the bandages loose in some places, tight in others, the herbal salve coating too thickly in some spots beneath to make his wound feel somewhat slimy. But it would serve its purpose well enough and he knew it wouldn't be too long before he was healed up again anyway. Considering the blonde had claimed never have had to bandage a wound before â€" a mysterious fact she refused to elaborate on â€" it was better than he had expected.

Hiccup gave the girl the broad grin that Toothless told him made him look like he belonged to a herd of equines rather than the Wing of dragons that the Fury insisted they were. "It's perfect. I don't think a healer with years of experience could have done a better job." He pointedly ignored Toothless' rolling green eyes in favor of the miraculous thing that happened before him. The Banshee's gave him a brilliant smile, her eyes shining happily as they rested on him. With just those few words her entire face had lit up in a way he had never experienced directed at him. His stomach twisted unexpectedly and as he stared and he realized just how pretty she truly was. It was incredibly difficult to appreciate a girl's beauty when she was bashing you upside the head with a cooking utensil.

"Nurgâ€|" The noise that escaped his throat at that moment was completely unrecognizable as a language and completely suited to the sudden anxiety that was coursing through his system. "I ah, th-thanks. I meanâ€|you didn't have toâ€|it means a lot." His pale, freckled face was burning with embarrassment at his sudden stuttering; it had been years since he had found himself this awkward

around someone, not sinceâ€¦

Her smile brightened tenfold and Hiccup felt his knees do a wobbly impersonation of a new born foals. What was wrong with him? He never got this ridiculous around a girl, no matter how pretty she was. Maybe she actually was a banshee and was using some sort of mystical spell on him? Or maybe the hit to the head had done more damage than he had originally thoughtâ€¦ He watched as some of her long blonde hair fell into her face and, with an almost self-conscious gesture, she smoothed it back. "No, it's the least I could do for hitting you earlier. I thought you were going to try and cut my hair orâ€¦" She trailed off, a little sheepishly, and avoided his gaze by focusing on her odd little dragon.

The hair again. What was it with this girl and her incredibly long locks? And why in the name of Thor was she so scared of someone trying to cut it off? He subtly tightened the bandages on his head as he shared a curious glance with Toothless. The Night Fury in question only gave him a somewhat awkward reptilian shrug and a purr. Roughly translated his dragon was telling him in no uncertain terms that, as Hiccup was the human half of their partnership, it was His job to understand the crazy human female with the long mane. "No it's okay. Toothless and I should have checked to see if anyone was here before we just came in through the window." He dropped his hand away from the wrappings at his head as she lifted her gaze to him, "You were just defending yourself; no one can blame you for that." Toothless gave a low, rumbling agreement at his human's statement. Dragons were possessive creatures, if not territorial. What was theirs was theirs, and even the gods in Asgard would tremble in fear at the thought of separating a dragon from its possessions.

The girl turned her attention to the large black reptile, smile warmly at the noise he made. "Thank youâ€¦ both of you." She twirled a long of hair around a finger. "It means a lot to know that you aren't mad at me. You twoâ€¦" She looked to her bare feet, her expression a little sad. On her shoulder the color changing dragon looked sad suddenly, curling closer to his human's neck in an attempt to offer comfort. "You're the first people I've ever met. I wouldn't want you two to hate me and leave because of what I did."

Hiccup felt his eyes widen at her words, stunned by what she was saying. "Waitâ€¦ what do you mean we're the first people you've met? Don't you ever leave this tower?" Toothless took a slow step forward, sniffing at the girl standing before them trying to catch a whiff of other humans on her. His rumbled in dissatisfaction at what he found, his draconic expression twisting into a revolted expression. Hiccup would have to ask his friend later what it was that bothered him.

The girl's head shot up in surprise, horror tingeing her features. "Leave?" She shook her head, nearly dislodging her dragon with the violent motion and sending the little reptile skittering in surprise. "No! No I can't!" She backpedaled, nearly tripping over her own hair as she half scrambled away from the pair before her. "It's dangerous out there! The ruffians and men with pointy teeth will come after me! And the plague! I can't leave!" Her knees hit the trunk that rested at the foot of her bed and she went tumbling backwards onto the mattress. Hiccup rushed forward, worried, and found that she was still talking a mile a minute; her breaths becoming quick and panicked to the point that the dragon rider feared she might pass out

if she continued.

Toothless reared back, letting a long reptilian hiss out commanding that Hiccup "fix the broken female" before her high pitched noises completely addled his senses. Ignoring his friend for the moment, and hoping that the Fury would not take too much offence, Hiccup rushed forward to the girl's side, grabbing onto her as gently as he could despite his own growing anxiety. "It's alright! It's alright!" He sat on the bed without ceremony, hoisting the hyperventilating girl up and into his arms without preamble, hoping that the sudden closeness would not further panic the girl. "Shh, it's okay. No one is going to make you leave, it's alright." Small hands clutched tightly at his shirt and riding gear, the blonde girl's entire body trembling as she gasped for breath, her words leaving her finally. Hiccup rubbed at her back reassuringly, rocking her gently as he did. He had experience with the sort of uncontrollable panic she was experiencing. After the battle with the Forsaken Queen and the resulting events he had spent many of his days and nights thrown into hysterics over the slightest thing, and it had been nearly a year before he could face the thought of coming near a village of people for fear of breaking down. Though he doubted this strange girl's history was anything like his own, he could recognize she had her own demons. "Come on, just breath with me see? Nice and easy, in and out." He took a few deep breaths, lifting her head as his lungs inflated and deflated. With some effort, and some time, she began to calm slightly. "It's okay, just breath alright? You don't have to go anywhere you don't want you, I promise."

He gently stroked her head as her breathing slowly, finally, began to even out again. He was glad, at least, that she had not broken down into tears, glad his attempts had been effective enough soon enough to prevent her crying. Beside him, coming closer upon the girl no longer making the high pitched keening noises that were bothering him, Toothless let out a low "almost below a human's ability to hear" thrum that instantly put both he and the girl into a state of calm. When Hiccup had faced his own attacks of panic and anxiety, Toothless had used the very same thrumming to calm him, it seemed just as effective on the girl and Hiccup wondered, distantly, if his friend would ever tell him what the thrumming he produced actually was.

He set his hands on the girl's shoulders, gently pushing her back to look at her. She was blinking rapidly, obviously fighting her tears, and Hiccup felt a twinge of guilt. It seemed he hadn't been as effective as he had hoped. Tilting his head down to meet her gaze he spoke, "Are you okay? Do you need anything?" The girl shook her head slowly, releasing her hold on him hastily as she turned away, flushing pink.

"No, I'm fine thank you." She scrubbed at her face a little, not meeting her eye as she did. Her voice was soft, tinged with embarrassment at her breakdown. Crawling up onto her shoulder, her dragon made small, squeaking noises of comfort, as he patted her in an oddly human gesture. "I'mâ€¦I'm sorry about that. I " It's just, I've heard so much about the outside world andâ€¦even though there is so much of it I want to see, the thought of leaving this towerâ€¦it terrifies me." She looked up at him; shoulders hunched low and her entire body language emanating with the sort of self-conscious shame that he remembered from his former life. "I shouldn't have broken down like that."

Hiccup shook his head, offering her a soft expression. "There's nothing to apologize for. I understand." He tried for a small smile and felt like he failed miserably. She gave him a hesitant smile in return and he had that odd, sudden dive from the sky feeling again. Suddenly aware of how close they were " she was very practically sitting on his lap " he let his hand drop from her and shifted back some, a little awkwardly. The girl, thank the gods, didn't seem to notice his discomfort at their proximity. "So, how long have you been in this tower anyway? The place looks completely deserted from outside." His hand subconsciously made its way up to the loose bandages on his head, beside him Toothless stopped his low thrum in favor of an annoyed snort at the sentence.

The blonde shifted, moving her dragon to settle in her cupped hands before her. "Actually, this tower has been my home my entire life. Mother brought me here when I was a baby because people were " " She cut off abruptly and she looked up at him sharply, her eyes almost comically wide. After a moment she swallowed nervously and looked away almost guiltily. "Just because." She finally mumbled after a long pause. Hiccup wondered what she was going to say and why she couldn't tell him the full story. "For as long as I could remember it's has just been the two of us" An angry chirp from her palms brought a smile to her face as she turned to look at the " now a bright, insulted red " reptile. Chuckling she added, "And Pascal of course." She scratched beneath the dragon's " Pascal apparently " chin, at which he chirped happily and closed his eyes in enjoyment.

Hiccup furrowed his brow, ignoring the pain it caused, and glanced to Toothless. "Your mother? She lives here too?" Toothless tilted his head to the side, his nostrils flaring. He was testing the air again, the pupils of his eyes narrowing into thin slits as he registered the smells of the tower. Hiccup felt his body tense slightly at his companion's reaction, uneasy at the thought of encountering a woman whose scent put the Night Fury on edge.

"Mm Hmm." The girl nodded; a smile on her face as she gently stroked the reptile in her hold. "She's out getting supplies right now. She should be" The blonde's head lifted slowly, her eyes widening as she turned to look at the two guests of the tower. "Soon." She jumped to her feet suddenly, her mood shifted from calm back to panicked in a second flat. "She'll be back soon! And I have people in my bedroom!" She spun in place, looking around the room at Hiccup's belongings, spread out from his search for his healing supplies in his pack. "She's going to be so mad!" She turned back to Hiccup and Toothless. "You have to go! Now!" She lunged forward, grabbing Hiccup by the arm and tugging him to his feet. He stumbled, amazed by the petite girl's strength and stunned by her sudden change in mood.

And then, as if on cue, a woman's voice drifted up to the tower from outside. "_Rapunzjeeelll, let down your haaiirrr."_ Rapunzel spun again, nearly getting tangled in her own hair, and faced her bedroom door. Glancing to Hiccup with the same expression an Egyptian he had once encountered wore just before Toothless had made off with her strange black wig the blonde gave him a quick shove towards Toothless before hissing to them both. "_Stay here, and __**don't**__ make a sound."_ Seeing their stunned, speechless nods of agreement, she scooped Pascal up from his place wobbling on the trunk and deposited

him unceremoniously into Hiccup's arms before turning and running from the room, only pausing to tug at the curtains and make sure they hid her "guests" from view. With one final breath to calm her nerves she turned to the window where, far below, her mother was waiting for her. Hoping the two kind strangers in her bedroom wouldn't reveal her secret she made her way to the only entrance to the tower.

"Coming Mother!"

3. Chapter 3

**I live! Well...sort of...It's amazing how much life can be sucked out of you by every day mayhem and chaos :P But I have a new chapter (_finally_) and I will hopefully be able to update the next chapter a little sooner. Although, I will admit that a lot of the lateness of this one was the fact that I was a little obsessively working on another HTTYD fic that I'm hoping to get out fairly soon (maybe, maybe I'll just wait for this fic to wrap up first hmm...opinions? The jest of the other fic is on my profile if anyone is curious.) Any-who, this should be the last slow chapter as the next one should delve a little more into my remix of the plot. **

**I want to thank everyone who reviewed! It means so much to me to get the feedback and gets my creative juices flowing like crazy haha. I also want to thank everyone who faved and alerted too! **

I am unworthy of owning _"How to Train Your Dragon" _and _"Tangled_" is so far beyond my lowly claims it's not even funny.

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><p>Of Flying and Frying Pans**

Chapter Three

Demented Dragons and Dangerous Dresses

* * *

><p>"I have a surprise for you!"<p>

Mother Gothel's voice floated up through the open window and to her daughter's ears, the joyful smile the older woman was wearing obvious and it made Rapunzel wince slightly. She wasn't in the habit of deceiving her mother, let alone with something so monumental as a boy and his over-sized black chameleon huddling in her bedroom. Pushing down her apprehension as best as she could she gave a hard tug at her hair and cast one last furtive glance in the direction of her room; hoping that her "guests" would remain quiet and out of the way for the duration of her mother's stay. Under her breath, unheard by the dark haired woman now set on the ledge of the window, she muttered her uncertain response. "_So do I."_

Gothel swung her legs over the window ledge so that she was facing her daughter, a wide smile on her face. "I found it when I was looking for carrots for dinner and just _knew_ you had to have it!" She held up the brown parcel in her hands with a triumphant grin, her eyes sparkling as she got to her feet and entered the room. "I saw it

and just knew you would love it!"

Rapunzel's eyes widened in surprise, her mouth pulling up into a wide smile as she followed her mother over to the mirror hanging on the far wall. "Really? Mother you shouldn't have!" Gothel, her cloak tossed over onto her daughter's sewing mannequin regardless of the pattern already pinned to the pink figure, turned to her daughter and smiled. Depositing the brown package into her daughter's arms Gothel ushered the blonde to untie the gift as she observed herself in the mirror. Rapunzel, all thoughts of stowaways in the bedroom left her completely eagerly tore into the brown paper, eyes alight with excitement. Gifts were usually reserved for her birthday, and the occasions that her mother brought her something from an outing just for the sake of it were rare and exhilarating. As Rapunzel tore the paper away her eyes widened to ever impossible proportions and an excited squeak of joy left her. "It's so beautiful!"

The petite blonde held the long lavender dress out before her, eyes wide and mouth pulling into a wide smile. Gothel turned away from her reflection and towards her daughter, giving the girl a warm look. "Do you like it? I saw the color and thought it would suit you so nicely." Gothel reached out and set a gentle hand on the apple of the blonde's cheek, a soft expression on her own, now young, face. "And your other one is getting so thin and worn." Mother Gothel's hand slipped away and, with an unimpressed glance to the pale green frock her daughter was wearing at the moment and the fraying hems and thread bare fabric. It had been a serviceable garment, for certain, but it had long since surpassed its use and besides all that Gothel had noticed that Rapunzel had begun to fill out in certain regards and the dress she wore at the moment was ill suited to even Rapunzel's small bosom. "You must try it on! I have to see what it looks like on you!"

Rapunzel, who had been twirling before the mirror with the dress held against her body, faltered. "Ah...try it on?" Trying the dress on, in that exact moment, would require her to return to her room. The room that was currently occupied by a pet chameleon her mother didn't know she had, a boy her mother didn't know had found their tower, and the boy's gigantic moody reptile that not even Rapunzel herself was sure should actually exist. Swallowing nervously Rapunzel gave her mother a nervous grin. "You...you mean right now?"

Gothel beamed, clapping her hands together before her. "Absolutely! I simply must see it on you! And I have to leave soon to go get some more supplies that weren't ready earlier." Moving over to her small framed child she set her hands on the long haired blonde's slim shoulders and began herding her towards the steps that led to the bedroom. "Now, go on! Quickly, quickly!" With a shove Gothel sent her daughter stumbling up the stairs towards her bedroom. "I want to see how you look!"

Managing to grab at the railing before falling completely on her face Rapunzel gave a final glance to her mother, thankful to find the woman's attention turned to her nails and the slight lines that had begun to form around her nail bed. Depending on how long she was planning to be out, her mother very well could need her daughter's special ability before she left—a fact that made her...if possible...even more nervous than the thought of her mother discovering her two "guests" in her bedroom. If she sang her song and her hair did its job—the two boys would see what about her long

locks was so very special. They would see, and maybe change their minds about not wanting to do anything to her hairâ€|or her.

Swallowing nervously she clutched the new dress to her chest a little tighter and scampered up the short flight of steps to her room. Reaching the curtains that hid her room from the rest of the tower she took a slow, steadying breath, hoping against all hope that the strange situation she had found herself in that day would somehow work itself out. With a final squaring of her shoulders and glance over to her mother, she ducked inside the room as quickly as she could.

On the other side of the cloth barrier, Hiccup and Pascal were having their own issues.

The moment that the blonde's mother had reached the tower - how Hiccup wasn't entirely certain, perhaps she had her own, much larger dragon? â€" Toothless had gone berserk. Hiccup had never seen his friend this way before, it was almost like the Night Fury had been tossed back to the days of war between his and Hiccup's respective races. As soon as the unseen woman had entered the tower Toothless' vibrant green eyes had narrowed into dangerous slits and he had begun the low â€" almost inaudible â€" growl that Hiccup had long ago meant someone's imminent death. His large, impossibly sharp fangs shone in the dim light of the room and he crouched low, ready for a fight.

Hiccup had been forced to jump upon his friend's broad head and dig his heels into the smooth stone floor in the vain attempt to stop his friend from bursting through the thin curtains that separated them from the two women, while Pascal had begun â€" fruitlessly â€" to tug on the much larger reptile's prosthetic tail. Keeping Toothless from launching himself into the other room and throwing the whole tower into absolute chaos nearly proved impossible, keeping both himself and his two reptile companions from making any noise on top of that? Hiccup could practically feel the unknown woman's hands around his neck upon finding a young man stowed away in her daughter's room. Teenaged boys found hidden in the rooms of teenaged girls by teenaged girls mothers rarely found their life expectancy to be more than a few minutes longer than the mother's ability to comprehend the situation.

Desperate and losing the struggle to keep his unhinged friend from exposing them â€" unsurprisingly, Toothless outweighed him by a good two tons of pure muscle and power after all â€" Hiccup resorted to the one sure fire way to calm the suddenly insane reptile. Reaching down with his hand he scratched along the scales just along his friend's jawline, instantly rendering the Night Fury as little more than a jelly-boned heap of black scales. Unfortunately, Hiccup had not thoroughly thought through his frantic effort and found his legs trapped beneath the very large, very **heavy** head of his dragon.

Suppressing an "oof" of pain, he found himself sprawled out on his back, his already injured head nearly splitting in pain from the impact it had with the stone floor. Eyes clenched shut he pressed a hand against his mouth to muffle any cries of pain that attempted to leave him. Wincing, he began to count slowly in his head, trying to even his breathing out as best he could. As he reached twenty-four

and his lungs began to do what he wanted them to do a small, worried chirp filled his right ear, so quiet it nearly was swallowing up by the overwhelming pounding of his pulse and the low thrumming of his friend's dazed purrs. Forcing his eyes open he found a blurred green shape crawling up onto his chest. Pascal.

Forcing out a smiling for the tiny wingless dragon he gently lifted a hand and gently stroked the little green

In the main room of the tower he could hear the Banshee " Rapunzel, as it appeared her name was " talking excitedly with her mother. Apparently, while Toothless lost his useless reptilian mind and Hiccup got himself bludgeoned by the floor, Rapunzel's mother had been bestowing her daughter with a gift. A gift that she apparently wanted her blonde daughter to try on" Hiccup hoped, desperately, that the woman had gotten her daughter a hat, or a maiden band or a pair of shoes or really _anything other than something she would need to get undressed for._

He should have known by then, after practically a lifetime of the gods making their dislike of him known, that he was a very,
**very** unlucky person.

Rapunzel made an almost objection, but it was swept up by her mother's excited quickly enough and Hiccup heard, with growing dread, the sound of their voices getting closer. Looking down towards the still boneless dragon he attempted to scrambled out from beneath his friend's hulking head. Pascal made a little squeak of alarm, his tiny form tugging fruitlessly at the Night Fury's one large ear fin with all his miniature might in an attempt to help. It was useless of course, Hiccup only succeeded on twisting his knee painfully as a lazy twitch of Toothless' ear sent the tiny reptile flying across the room onto the bed, now a bright, terrified yellow color. The dragon rider was well and truly stuck with no possible escape in sight, groaning quietly he sank back down to the cold stone floor, glaring up at the prettily painted ceiling high above him.

With a soft rustle of fabric and a nervous breath, Rapunzel ducked inside her room and froze.

It hadn't occurred to her, until that moment; that her two guests were hidden away in _her __**room**_. The room she was going to be changing in. She would have to undress in front of a complete stranger and his giant " and, it seemed, unconscious " reptile. Color flooded her cheeks in embarrassment and she stared, open mouthed and wide eyed, at the trapped boy staring, red faced and open mouthed and wide eyed, right back at her. Rapunzel gave a small squeak and clutched the dress to her tighter as if she was already undress, making to back away before she realized that doing so would lead her back to her waiting mother.

Her mouth suddenly dry she nervously skittered in place before the stranger, glancing around desperately for an answer. On the bed Pascal dizzily stood up and stumbled around, getting wrapped up in the small quilt that rested on her bed. Had they been invented yet, a light bulb might have been seen going off above the blonde girl's head. Relaxing a little she glanced at Hiccup and gave a nervous smile, pointing to the blanket. Keeping her voice low, to keep her mother from hearing, she quickly explained her plan. "I'm going to hang the blanket over the bed canopy, okay? No peaking!"

Hiccup nodded rapidly, the red of his face deepening to nearly a purple in his embarrassment. Biting her lip, Rapunzel skirted the prone boy " casting an uncertain look to the half-asleep creature collapsed on top of him " she hustled over to the bed to her disoriented companion. It took a few moments and some ingenuity, but at length she managed to arrange the blanket so that the boy couldn't see anything but her feet as she stood on top of the bed. Then she met her next challenge.

The dress itself.

Until that moment, Rapunzel had gone through her life wearing simple, pull-over-her-head frocks that constituted as little more than a night dress in their complexity. She had never had a problem with them, finding their simplicity a license to decorate them at will and practice her needlework. This new dress, however, was vastly different. As well as being significantly more fitted, it consisted of three separate pieces overlaying each other as well as an almost impossible number of laces and ties that she had never had to deal with before. Sure she had, when she had been little and eager to be like her mother, helped lace up the back of her mother's long dresses, but it had been a long time ago and lacing was always easier on others.

As she struggled to reach the laces at her back for the umpteenth time and Pascal chirped in aggravation at being tangled up in the strings she let out a long, frustrated sigh. "Rapunzel! Are you almost done? I need to get back to the market!" Groaning at the sound of her mother's voice she realized that, despite it being the least embarrassing option, she could not ask her mother for help for this particular problem. If she called out for her mother's aid, her mother would just come bustling in to tie her daughter up before Rapunzel could sneak out. Her mother would see the boy and his giant reptile. All hell would break out.

"One moment mother!" She looked down at herself, there was no getting around it. She would need help to lace up the back, and since she couldn't ask her mother" She peaked around her makeshift partition, her eyes resting on the hunched back of the strange boy she had bludgeoned earlier that morning. The boy had obviously managed to wiggle his way out from his oversized friend " or, at least, his oversized friend had listed to the side so that his belly was out and ready for a good scratching from his shaggy haired friend " and was sitting with his back to the bed his hands raised to his face as if to prevent any chance what so ever of seeing her change. Rapunzel smiled slightly at that, appreciating his steadfast chivalry towards a girl that had very nearly cracked his head open.

Her decision strengthened by the kind boy's actions " her mind turning back to not so very long ago when he had helped calm her from a very embarrassing and very frightening attack of anxiety " she stepped down from the bed and crept closer to him. Pitching her voice low to prevent her mother hearing she held her hands up to her chest to prevent the dress from slipping down. "Ah"excuse me" The boy started slightly, turning quickly to face her only to jump a nearly a foot at the realization that she wasn't, technically, completely dressed yet. Turning a shade of red that she would have been hard pressed to mix with even the finest paints he clapped his hands over his eyes and made a half strangled noise as he flailed backwards. It

took all Rapunzel's might not to burst out laughing, and even then a small giggle threatened to escape her.

"Da ah â€" I'm sorry! I didn't realize you wereâ€" He flailed the hand not covering his eyes in her direction, his voice a strangled whisper. "I'm sorry! I didn't see - " She reached forward and pressed a hand to his mouth, worried that the increasing panic in his voice might alert her mother. She blushed lightly as she realized that this was the first time she had ever touched a boy â€" not counting her tending to his wound â€" and she found an odd sort of sensation flitting through her at the contact. Pushing it away she focused on the boy before her, finding that while she had been dealing with odd flutterings the boy had finally given up and finally looked at her.

She liked his eyesâ€"such an interesting color of green, a little green and little goldâ€"and when the light hit them they â€"

_Focus! _

"Iâ€" She swallowed slowly, pulling her hand back from his mouth. "I can't reach the tiesâ€"on the back of the dressâ€" She motioned weakly to her back, now finding herself looking at anything _but_ his brilliant eyes. "I can't ask Mother without her coming in hereâ€" Biting her lip she forced her mind away from sunlit eyes and odd twisting drops of her stomach. "Do youâ€"I meanâ€"would youâ€"? The boy â€" all things holy and horrid she didn't even know his _name_, she couldn't even believe it, she didn't even know his name and she had beaten him with a frying pan, broken down on him and now, now she was asking him to help her _**dress**_ â€" the boy looked at her with almost comically wide eyes. For a long moment he only stared, seemingly frozen in place, before gulping nervously and giving a short, nervous nod.

Hands shaking, Hiccup stood and waited as she turned her bare back in his direction.

Maybe the gods didn't hate him after allâ€"

End
file.